

From the Library.

S. P. M.

November 20th. 98.

My Own Darling,

Now I know
how a woman feels, when
her husband sends inf
word that he will spend
the evening at (the Club)

You poor dear, all
tired out I know, don't
try to come over here, when
you get home, unless you
feel as if I could rest
you a little.

What naughtily fate

could have taken you
away from me tonight

I was not at home
when your Father called
so I received explanations
second hand.

I, too, have had a
whirling day. I have
never stopped rushing
from breakfast time to
this present — did not
get home from town
until quarter to seven
o'clock. I rode out on
the Clyde train with
Dr. Cobby and Harold
+ another embryo M. D.

Missing the train I should have
taken, & just caught them nicely.
Harold will begin to think I
am chasing him around the country.

I cannot write decently tonight
have got a crow bar for a pen, and
my hand shakes from over kind nerves.

Darling, will you be able to
be my guest Friday evening? We
would leave here about five minutes after
seven, and could easily be home before
9.30 — The occasion is, my singing
at Mrs. Case's before the "Singing" Society.

"The Irving" stands first
amongst the literary societies
of Chicago & it, are
many of the leading
Judges and professional
men & their wives in the city.

I have written Mrs. Carr
to expect you with me, but
that need make no difference
if you have important
matters to attend to: so
be frank with your little
girls — and don't go to
humor me. I thought you
might enjoy hearing me
sing, you have a few oppor-
tunities to enjoy that great
pleasure. Now, Sweetheart,
I shall be up until 10.30
but use your own judgment.
If you do not come to kiss
and happy goodnight
Love & shining Sunshine.

November 25th '90

My Own Dear Charles

I am thinking
how glad you will be in the
dark frosty morning to
find a greeting and
"God speed" from your
Sunshine. I think you
must have dismissed your
pupils too early tonight;
I don't seem to have got any
thing said. I wonder why
I have such a dumb head
that I can't talk to you.
It has just occurred to
my addled brain that Tues.

day night is your specially
late night for eye work.
and I don't see how you can
get home in time to dress and
clark with me at seven o'clock

Now, darling, don't attempt
the impossible; and if it
is more convenient for you
to come in later, do so.

However not being able
to see you and ~~talk~~ talk it
over, the original plan
obtains, ~~the~~ that is Elsie
& I learn the house at seven
sharp, if you are here, ^{to go with me} so
much the better but if you
are not, I shall not worry
feel simply think that you
are being good to yourself
which is the same as being
good to me.

Now, darling, for the
matter of this morning's exam

Don't worry one little bit. I shall pray for
you and I know you will come off
well. And while you are writing, just
think that Sunshine is lighting up your
page so that you can see and understand
the questions. Mine is going to be a rushing
day, if I am well enough to do the prescribed
work & lessons in the morning about 6
short letters that must be written —
Olyde in the afternoon not getting
home much before 6.30 with only
half an hour for supper and dressing.
just another day like today has been;
no wonder that I am such a gone
goose in the evening, unable even to keep

awake. I am getting to write
horse and worse all the
time in adverse proportion
as you grow better in that
respect. Now, Sweetheart,
I must say goodnight,
as it is already Friday
morning and I shall have
to redact my chapter. — I am
going to lean this on the
kitchen table with a note
to Hilda asking her to
take it over to Dyner back
door in the morning.

Your loving other self.

Mr. Clarence E. Huntington
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